

### Ironing Fine Blouses.

WHEN sprinkling fine blouses it is difficult to distribute the dampness evenly. Dip a towel in water, wring it out, place the blouse in it and roll up tightly. Leave for ten minutes, and the article will be found to be evenly damp all over and ready for immediate ironing.

## DRACULA, OR THE VAMPIRE

By BRAM STOKER.

"THAT terrible baptism of blood which he gave him makes you free to go to him in your time of freedom, as yet done in your time of freedom, when the sun rises and sets."

"At such times you go by your volition and not by his; and this power to win from your suffering at his hands. This is now all more precious than he knows it not, and to guard himself have even cut himself off from his knowledge of our where."

"We, however, are not selfish, and we believe that God is with us through all this blackness, and these many dark hours. We shall follow him; and we shall not flinch; even if we feel ourselves that we become like him. Friend John, this has been a great hour; and it has done much to advance us on our way. You must be scribe and write him all down, so that when the others return from their work you can give it to them; then they shall know as we do."

And so I have written it whilst we wait their return, and Mrs. Harker has written with her typewriter all since she brought the MS. to us.

#### CHAPTER XXVI.

Dr. Seward's Diary.  
20 October.—This is written in the train from Varna to Galatz. Last night we all assembled a little before the time of sunset. Each of us had done his work as well as he could; so far as thought, and endeavor, and opportunity go, we are prepared for the whole of our journey, and for our work when we get to Galatz.

When the usual time came round Mrs. Harker prepared herself for her hypnotic effort; and after a longer and more serious effort on the part of Van Helsing than has been usually necessary, she sank into the trance. Usually she speaks on a hint but this time the professor had to ask her questions, and to ask them precisely, before we could learn anything; at last her answer came:

"I can see nothing; we are still; there are no waves leaping, but only a steady swirl of water softly running against the hawser. I can hear men's voices calling, near and far, and the roll and creak of oars in the rowlocks. A gun is fired somewhere, the echo of it seems far away. There is tramping of feet overhead, and ropes and chains are dragged along. What is this? There is a gleam of light; I can feel the air blowing upon me."

Here she stopped. She had risen, as if impulsively, from where she lay on the sofa, and raised both her hands, palms upward, as if lifting a weight. Van Helsing and I looked at each other with understanding. Quincey raised his eyes slightly and looked at her intently, whilst Harker's hand, instinctively, closed round the hilt of his Kukri. There was a long pause. We all knew that the time when she could speak was passing; but we felt that it was less to say anything. Suddenly she sat up, and, as she opened her eyes, said sweetly:

"Would none of you like a cup of tea? You must all be so tired!" She could only make her happy, and as acquiesced. She bustled off to get tea; when she had gone Van Helsing said:

DREAMS PRESAGE NEARNESS OF MISTED MONSTER.  
"You see, my friends, he is close to land; he has left his earth chest. But he has yet to get on shore. In night he may lie hidden somewhere; but if he be not carried on shore, or if the ship do not touch it, he cannot achieve the land. In such case he can, if it be in the night, change his

### The New Van de Water Serial Starts on This Page To-day



## The Four of Hearts

A Fine Story of Absorbing Interest.  
A New Serial by Virginia Terhune Van de Water Dealing With a Double Romance



"Do I appear any older than I did yesterday?" she asked.

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water.

#### CHAPTER I.

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DORA LIVINGSTONE, flushed and a little breathless from dancing, looked up laughingly into the face of her escort.

"Do I appear any older than I did yesterday?" she asked. "And don't you think my combined coming-out and birthday party is a success?"

"Yes, indeed," he said heartily. "Which part of my question is that an answer to?" she challenged. "The first half, or the last?"

"The last half, of course," the man replied, gazing with undimmed admiration down into the dark brown eyes raised to his. While there was admiration in the look, the order of a lover was lacking. Yet Dora Livingstone was, at the present moment, pretty to any masculine heart.

Of medium height, her figure was rounded without being plump. Her hands and feet were small and well-shaped. Her hair was very dark and her rich brunette coloring was without a flaw. The rather full lips and slightly rousseau nose gave a piquant touch to her face.

Perhaps if Milton Van Saun had not known the girl all his life he would have been more moved by her proximity and her personality. Yet, as she looked at him, it was

with the frank gaze of a comrade who demands recognition—not the shy glance of a girl who desires admiration.

Milton had been graduated from college last June. This was November, and he was to start tomorrow for a trip to California and through the Western States before settling down in his father's office. Van Saun, Sr., was a prosperous merchant, and there was no hurry about his son's beginning work.

The young couple had strolled into the small conservatory at the end of the wide hall when the girl spoke again.

"Answer the first half of my question now," she commanded.

"I declare I forget it," Milton teased. But I remember it now. No, you do not look twenty-one. Dora, you look, in fact, ridiculously young for a girl who has put away childish things and is now fairly launched upon the stream of society."

"Do I—I mean—why don't you say I look nice, Milton?" she insisted. "As my chum and friend, you ought to tell me that I am going to be a social success."

"I know it and you know it, so why tell me?" he argued. Then, with a change of tone, "But I hate to just the same."

"Hate what?" Dora asked, puzzled.

"All this coming-out fuss—this putting a girl up before the world and saying, 'Look at her, all of you! She is now eligible for matrimony!'"

"Milton!" the exclamation was

swift and indignant. "That is a horrid, coarse thing to say. I am going back into the other room where I need not listen to such speeches."

"No—wait!" the man urged. "I am sorry, Dora, really I am, for saying anything that hurt you. But I just happened to think that you and I have been good chums for years and years, and now I am going out West for a couple of months, and you will have some other man whom you don't really know come along and grab you up and marry you."

Dora flushed. "And if another man does come, what then?" she demanded. "I am in no hurry to marry, but I probably will do so some day. And you will meet some girl out in California, and marry her out of hand—some girl who doesn't know you, either, as well as I do."

She laughed, but there was a little tremor in the sound. Milton caught her hand suddenly in his.

"I say, Dora," he pleaded, "why not let's prevent these disagreeable things happening? Let us acknowledge that there is nobody for either of us except the other. I know there isn't anyone for me but you, dear. I have seen many girls, but you're always occupied first place in my affections. I'm awfully fond of you. Don't you care for me a little, Dora, darling?"

He dropped his voice to a whisper on the last word and the girl colored more deeply.

"I don't know," she said, slowly. Her long lashes hiding her eyes. "I've known you always, so it's nat-

ural that I should like you better than any other chap. I care a lot for you, Milton. You are my very own most particular man friend, you see."

"Let me be more than that, please, Honey," he begged.

"All right," she murmured. "I will, Milton, dear."

They did not linger long in the conservatory after the exchange of betrothal vows. Why should they? The matter was settled. The dance music was alluring, and Dora's card was full of names. So was Milton's.

At the door leading into the hall the girl paused abruptly.

"Milton," she urged, "please don't let's tell anyone of our engagement just yet. Wait until you come back from the West, won't you?"

The man hesitated for an instant before replying.

"Why, yes," he agreed, "if you wish it. Nobody, that is, except your father and mother and my Dad. And," with a little laugh, "I guess it won't be much of a surprise to Dad. It's what he's always wanted."

The girl did not speak the thought that came into her mind. It was along the same lines as that expressed by her betrothed. For her father and mother had always spoken of Milton Van Saun as if he were her own particular property. They had, apparently, taken it for granted that the only daughter of the House of Livingstone and the only son of the house of Van Saun should make a match.

It was the sensible thing to do. Two old New York families who had been friends for several generations should be united.

(To Be Continued.)

## The Hidden Hand

By Arthur B. Reeve.

Creator of the "Craig Kennedy" mystery stories, which appeared exclusively in Cosmopolitan Magazine.

#### EPISODE 8.

The Slide for Life.

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WITHOUT a word Abner hurried to the hall, but not before Scarley had done the same. They almost collided at the street door, as Scarley shouldered his way out.

Outside Abner hurried in one direction, Scarley in the other, where his car was waiting for him. "Too bad they saw the letter," said Scarley, hurriedly. "Now we have no time to lose."

Both Ramsey and Doris hurried to prepare for the trip to the mountains and soon they met again in the hall, while a taxicab waited outside to rush them to the station, where the night train for the Adirondacks left in half an hour.

At the Backstop station Ramsey and Doris jumped off the train, but as they hurried up the platform they did not notice one of the Hidden Hand's emissaries looking at them.

For, already several of the emissaries and Veda herself had arrived in a high-powered car and had dispersed, each to carry out some part of the plans.

Reside the platform Ramsey spied a country "flicker." Quickly he and Doris fled into it and were jolted away over the mountain roads.

Suddenly the flicker came to a halt on a particularly rough part of the corduroy road.

The Car Is Halted.  
"It's as far as I can go," pleaded the driver. "You'll have to walk the rest of the way—over the bridge, you know—just follow the trail!"

"Wait here, then," directed Ramsey, shoving a bill into the fellow's hand.

"All right," he called, as they started off.

They had crossed the bridge and made their way on down the trail, where in the distance they could see the hunting lodge at last. And as they stopped to look at it in the distance, they could just make out a figure near it, passing about the side of the cabin to a back window. It looked like Scarley, remarked Ramsey. "But perhaps it is not."

At the door, however, Doris and Ramsey paused a moment. Ramsey drew his revolver and pushed the door open. Nothing happened. They stepped inside. The place was in confusion and in the fireplace was a huge heap of papers which had been lighted and were now smoldering.

"What's that?" cried Doris suddenly.

There was a stifled groan. They looked about and finally Ramsey darted into a corner back of a big settee.

There lay Scarley bound with a rope, twisting as though just retaining consciousness.

Ramsey picked him up and carried him to a chair. With Doris he loosened the ropes.

"What's the matter?" asked Doris sympathetically.

Ramsey, however, had pulled out a pair of handcuffs.

"Jack!" he exclaimed reproachfully.

"Then what is he here for?" persisted Ramsey.

"I hurried here to help Doris find her father's will," returned Scarley, still rubbing his wrists and throat. "No sooner had I entered the door than the Hidden Hand attacked me. He was bending down back of this very chair, over the fireplace, apparently burning some papers. He knocked me down and bound me—

## A SERIAL OF ROMANCE STARRING DORIS KENYON

almost stunned. Then he fled out that back window."

Ramsey laughed scornfully.

Scarley Agrees to Go.  
"Don't you believe me?" appealed Scarley to Doris.

"Yes," she hesitated, though Ramsey's anger grew.

"Thank you, Miss Doris. That is all I care about," said Scarley.

It was more than Ramsey could stand. "Dr. Scarley is lying," he blurted out. "It he says, I go."

Doris looked from one of the other, Scarley saw her predicament and bowed low.

"Rather than embarrass you, Doris," with exaggerated politeness toward Ramsey, "I will go."

"Then go," ground out Ramsey, biding him an inch.

Scarley bowed again, feeling his neck and wrists, then turned and slowly closed the cabin door. The moment he was outside, however, he fled into the shrubbery and disappeared almost on a run along another trail.

Ramsey turned from Doris and began searching the lodge, rummaging through a cabinet on the mantel, wondering what next to expect.

(To Be Continued To-morrow.)

### This Day in History.

THIS is the anniversary of the introduction in 1816 into mines of the Davy safety lamp, one of the greatest boons to humanity of all time. Sir Humphrey Davy, its inventor, protected the flame by wire gauze. When the flame inside enlarges it is a signal for the miners to leave, as it shows the presence of firedamp.

## Training for Marriage

THE NECESSITY FOR A THOROUGH EQUIPMENT

Knowing How to Run a Home Is Not Going to Make a Woman Less Efficient in Business

By Beatrice Fairfax.

EIGHTY-SEVEN out of every hundred American girls marry. So says a well-known and thoroughly able American writer. She goes on to state that not ten per cent of them are given the kind of education that fits them for marriage.

No wonder so many marriages fail nowadays. No wonder so many thoroughly cynical men sneer at the thought of marriage, and so many timid young women tremble and protest against the suggestion.

Marriage is something more than assuring yourself of someone to darn your stockings or making sure you have an escort to the movies. It is more than an open sesame to the land of romance, more than a way out of the state known as old maid or old bachelorhood. It is, theoretically at least and ideally at best, the crowning and perfecting of life, and the one really sane and normal way of living.

Marriage is the biggest job in the world, and there is none into which people go with less equipment, less preparation, less insurance against failure.

In grandmother's time girls were educated for marriage. They were taught housekeeping and cooking and knitting and sewing, and all the branches of domestic science which they are excused to-day from knowing because machines and factories do them so much better and quicker and cheaper, forsooth!

The other day I heard a very clever young woman remark that she liked to cook and thoroughly enjoyed making her own hash. She was, in a group of other clever young women—rich men's wives, artists, writers, all sorts of "successes"—and they were overwhelmed with amazement when one of their number remarked that she liked to trim hats and cook.

I am sure they would have taken 10 much more calmly had she told them that she was designing a submarine chaser. And yet that amateur milliner and cook was doing nothing more startling than to confess that she had homely, old-fashioned, simple feminine tastes.

Now, don't mistake or misunderstand me. I am a feminist—heart and soul a feminist. I believe in woman's inalienable right to take her place in the world's army of workers. I believe that it is ridiculous to deny your sister the vote and give it to the half-witted boy who delivers your groceries. But I believe that, back of all the rights, woman has certain privileges. And, of them all, home-making is the most successful.

Remember that it is a woman who has said that training for marriage could and should be incorporated as "practical housewifery" in the school courses, and who has very sanely added that such training would be of the greatest assistance to any work she might do in factory or office.

It is sane, thinking women who resent the fact that ignorant or foolish women have lost respect for the biggest of all female jobs—the job of home-making.

If a girl is compelled to go at sixteen down in the maris of trade, there to earn her livelihood, or perhaps even to help support her family, what chance has she, you ask, to learn such domestic things as how to make a good meat pudding or a fluffy lemon-meringue pie? Even if she had a chance, how shall the mother, who was glad enough to have at hand the material for an Irish stew, teach daughter the daintily or nourishing cookery she never knew?

Mother can't. Therefore the school should. Many an unhappy young wife whose husband is morose, indigent, or even unfaithful, might change the whole state of affairs by making his home more attractive than his club.

The woman who knows how to make a dollar do its utmost, and who doesn't wear herself out accomplishing that, appeals of course to a man's sense of efficiency. He gratefully admires a "good manager" who performs miracles with his salary, which he himself could not perform.

Economy, a comfortable home, good food, well-trained children and an attractively neat and amiable wife, would probably do more damage to corner saloons and clubs than I have time to calculate.

The man who goes to work after a breakfast of burnt toast, muddy coffee, greasy fried potatoes, and eggs that are too hard or too soft and not as fresh as they might be, goes to work with stirrings of indignation and irritation. He's just as badly off as his poorer brother who got a piece of mouldy bread and a cup of tea.

Women ought to be taught, as part of their regular education, how to market, how to conserve food, how to serve and prepare it attractively. They ought to have a slight knowledge of "interior decoration" and the miracles that can be performed with padding, boxes, paint, cheap cretonne and good taste.

Knowing how to run a home isn't going to make a woman one bit less efficient in running an office, a store or a factory. And, knowing how to run a home is about one-tenth of the secret of keeping that home together.

## All Star Recipes

From Good Housekeeping Magazine for January.

Food values are measured in terms of heat. The unit of measurement is the calorie. The child and the sedentary worker require fewer calories than the grown person and the one at hard or even moderate labor. The child under two requires 1,000 calories a day; from two to five, 1,400; from six to nine, 1,750; from ten to twelve, 2,100; from here the requirements rise rapidly to 2,800 calories a day for the man at hard labor, though the average is around 2,200 for the boy and girl just under twenty and the man or woman who is fairly active. An average "helping" of the simpler foods yields 100 calories of heat. Let each meal contain fat, protein and carbohydrates. The caloric values given with the recipe printed will enable you to plan menus that are right.

Pot Roast with Vegetables. 3414 Calories.  
Four pounds beef chuck or bottom round, 1 Spanish onion, 4 tomatoes, 2 sweet, green or red peppers, 1 pint hot water, 4 teaspoonful pepper, 1 cupful celery, cut in small pieces, 1 tablespoonful drippings, 4 tablespoonfuls entire-wheat flour, 2 teaspoonfuls salt.

Dredge the meat with flour, and brown each side in a hot spider in which the drippings have been melted. Place in casserole and surround with the vegetables. Put seasonings in the spider, add the hot water, and pour over meat. Place casserole in oven and cook four hours. Thicken gravy with the entire-wheat flour mixed with cold water to pour. Canned tomatoes and peppers may be used.

Ham Baked with Vegetables. 2730 Calories.  
One slice of ham cut 3-inch thick, 1 cupful water, 2 large Bermuda onions, 5 medium-sized tomatoes or whole canned tomatoes.

Place ham in a casserole and around it place thick slices of onion and tomatoes. Add the water and cover. Bake in a moderate oven about one hour.

Tamali Pie. 4100 Calories.  
Part 1.—Two cupfuls ground boiled meat, 1 cupful canned tomatoes, 1 small can green chili peppers, 1 onion, 1 tablespoonful Worcestershire sauce, 1 teaspoonful salt, 1 tablespoonful butter. Part 2.—One cupful ripe olives, 1 teaspoonful salt, 1 teaspoonful pepper, 2 scant cupfuls cornmeal, 1 tablespoonful Worcestershire sauce, about 1 1/2 cupfuls broth or water.

To prepare part one—Remove all seeds from peppers and brown the onion and the peppers, chopped fine, in the butter; add the tomatoes, then the meat, salt and Worcestershire sauce. Cook until well blended. To prepare part two—Make a mush with the cornmeal and broth or water; add the salt, pepper, and Worcestershire sauce. Cook about fifteen minutes, stirring constantly, or a longer time in a double boiler. Remove from fire and stir in oil, chopped. Grease a baking dish, add alternately layers of part one and part two, having the latter on the bottom and the top of the dish. Bake one hour and serve with the following tomato sauce:

Brown one chopped onion in two tablespoonfuls of butter or bacon fat, add one-half cupful of flour and blend well. Add gradually two cupfuls canned tomatoes and season with salt and chili powder to taste.

Prune Pudding. 2020 Calories.  
One cupful ground raw prunes, 1/2 cupful sugar, 1 egg, 5 cupfuls milk, 1/2 teaspoonful orange extract, 1 thick slice buttered bread.

Beat the prunes and sugar together till well blended, add the egg well beaten, and then the milk and flavoring. Cut the bread in small dice, stir into mixture, pour into a pudding dish, set in a pan of hot water and bake slowly till the custard is set and the bread is brown. This should take about an hour and a quarter in order to cook the prunes thoroughly.